tain her strength-that kept chaing Continued from Last Sunday told me to keep it to myself. But "He is a dear boy," she reflected. It never entered my head that you "Those two young dynamos,"

CHAPTER XVIII. (Cont'd). Speculation.

the flashing surface current, bril-Hant and shimmering in the sunlight, full of sparkle and gayety and happiness. flowing and playing and

But under and beneath this goldflood there is always the other, undersow, gray, treacherous and full of dangers. With unsuspected violence it seems o pluck at our limbs, our very uts, seising upon us and whirling mercilessly down to the dark ther depths of failure and misery

Poriume or chance, some call it. ophical data was at that tin

wisdom of General Wood to urating the Plattsburg moveto her for the first time how

Saturday afternoon, the nineteenth of May, when together with an inwas returning from a sketch pedition in Bronx Park, were some six or seven your ple in the group, side for were some six or seven young peostructor. Robert Oliver, a wellwalking beside Oliver and they tere deep in a technical discussion ciple of intentness and intensity of atmosphere of originality to a painter and his painting

It and a young woman beside it. aged by the babbling baby in the

Adela had suddenly turned from contemplation of the landscape shead of her and with a quick, almost uncanny, all-embracing glance stamped the picture upon her rain. Anthony was evidently on the point of going. (He was to meet her, Adela, in the studio at tour o'clock!) Suddenly the young man, with a furtive glance, bent toward Anthony and, almost reverently kissed him on the cheek-and both of them laughed!

A tremor shot through Adela's body and a sudden weakness over-took her. A wave of darkness alher. A wave of darkness almost blotted out all that lay shead unsteady feeling at her knees made her stumble.
"Oh!" she exclaimed, and the ex-

clamation was a sob. Oliver caught her under the arm

with a swift, searching glance "What's the matter-high heels?" ie inquired.

"Yes-no"- stammered a death by white Adela piteously, with convering lips. "A pebble or somethins—I almost fell." There was a A deep sigh escaped he and she began to talk rapidly and newhat incoherently of Oliver's beory of vision in landscape paint-

HERE are two simultaneous tides to our lives, as no one can fall to perceive. There eagerly carrying us to the laugh-ing blue waters of life.

nd hopeless despair.

others declare that the will is sovereign pavigator. Have the at the belm and your safety is ared. Anthony and Adela had opportunity of judging that only the remotest possible conwas that period of excitement

confusion, of measures and utions, of spy scares, prepara-organizations—the manner ch a great, unwarlke, demo-nation girds its loins for a warlike undertaking. One ed millions was asked for the Cross and the request was met a large over-subscription. and munifions plants were being guarded. Washingas crying out for hotel space me everybody wanted to serve. rary was recruiting, the mayy scruiting, the marines were There was no draft law but many young men were their services and all men were going in or of going in.

was now visible to all and having received the train-He talked of applying for a mission and Adela with dogged test approved of it—and se-y wept over it. There came women's wishes counted in man-made world Anthony talked vaguely of their

arriage that Summer and far ore definitely of his commission. knew that, of course, he must go, and yet was he enger to go away from her? What is this fee! of patriotion, of duty? Was it per than love? Or was his adiness to leave her due to an mplete lave, to bygone interests made of her only a more substantial and prosaic incident in his life? It was a time as uneasy for mg people as it was for the

Adela will always remember that ctor and some fellow students off sexes of the Lengue she returning from a sketching exin the group, aside from the innown landscape painter. Adela, a portfolio under her arm, was was emphasizing his pet prinon which alone can bring an

Adela was gazing intently shead her, by way of experimenting on the principle, to see what atmoshere her gaze could summon orth from the landscape before r, when they passed a pathway ading off at right angles and eeply shaded. By a bench some hirty yards away was standing a ompact perambulator with a baby man three-quarters turned away from the main path was facing and talking earnestly to the young oman. One of his hands was enerambulator. With the other he was passing over to the girl a roll

of bills. Adela saw that clearly. The man was Anthony. what instinct she knew not, kissed him in gratitude. But even that he had forgotten.

like the sound of many waters clos-

reneated over and over in a stupor

Some hours later he nevertheless collected himself and wrote the

"I only want to say this: Your note has about finished me. I always meant to tell you everything, but how could I? I had an instinctive knowledge you would feel that from her like water. Clarice had been positively shocked when Adels, with blazing eyes and a singgering effort at selfcontrol, begged her, if she loved ber, not to mention the name of Anthony to her. "Why. Adela Gray!" Clarice,

and Adela didn't know. I thought, of course-oh, pahaw! what's the trouble? For the expressive features of Clarice were suddenly swept by a wave of tragic concern. For the first time he saw tears glistening

in those normally calm eyes. "My God-sister!" he murmured. "I hope-well-you're not in love "I hope—well—you're not in love with him, are you?"
"Oh, stupid men!" gasped Clarice, as though it were an invocation, ignoring the young man's question. "It will break her heart!"
"No!" Douglas exclaimed with incredulity. "What a mess! When did it all come on? Tell me what's been and gene and happened!"
"Oh, it's terrible Douglas. They've had a quarrel. I thought it was

are in having him there to talk to, to lean upon—a warm, substantial reality in the midst of a world of shadows and pain. Supposing he, too, should go away, into the gigantis maelstrom that was beginning to suck in the young manhood of the country? The world suddenly seemed to be crumbling into the gray and sinister chaos that is forever jurking round about the fragile had a quarrel. I thought it was

nothing at first-but now-oh, what

her out-of herself-you and I together. That is a very sweet thought," murmured Clarice. To help Adela, however, was no easy matter, as those two dis-covered. For once that she would accompany them to the theatre or to Paglieri's base-ment restaurant in search of spaghetti and milk-fed chicken at seventy-five cents the dinner (you couldn't duplicate it at Del-monico's for four dollars; Douglas assured her), she would decline five times with one excuse or another. There was a hectic, feverish brilliance in Adela's eyes when she was with them, and a forced

Douglas went on, "it isn't easy to

It was profoundly true, thought

Clarice. What could one do? And

she, who ordinarily had felt a kind

of brisk superiority to this boy,

three years younger than herself,

now expressed a melancholy pleas-

ure in having him there to talk to,

ever lurking round about the fragile

security of life. A faint flush mounted to the cheeks of Clarice. For it was at that hour that she

made a curlous, incredible, delicious

discovery that set her heart beat-

I think I'll have chicken a la ling," she said to the approaching waiter. "No," she changed her mind suddenly. "Not chicken a la king—just a plain omelette—ome-

lette aux fines herbes."
"That goes for me, too," ap-

pended Douglas, and he thought how handsome Clarice was

"Tell me what we can do," Douglas added when the waiter had departed. "We can try to give Adela a good time-take

ing faster.

put an oar into their affairs."

cheerfulness that made their hearts ache. Her mettle and high-spirited demeanor appealed to them as something exceedingly fine and admirable. Ordinarily it is only older people who genuinely admire moral courage, for they know best its cost in time of disaster. But the sympathetic hearts of even this young pair were touched by Adela's

bearing. "She's an ace." murmured Douglas to Clarice again and again in ad miration. She is certainly an

About a month after her rupture with Anthony Adela took to absenting herself from studio the entire afternoon every fine Clarice hardly saw her at all. She was always going sketching

somewhere and gently declined Clarice's offers to accompany her. "I want to try out Mr. Oliver's theory," she declared, "of intensity of vision in getting the life of a landscape. And I couldn't be in-tense, dear," she smiled, "if you were with me. I should want to intensely listening and talking instead of seeing."

Douglas Nash was not slow to discover these absences of Adela's, and every moment of leisure that he could steal from his work on the paper found him at the "Rubens" the pleasurable company of Clarice that filled him with well-His heart, that his clever, being. worldly little mother had so long andeavored to train toward artificial happiness, had found its fulfillment and resting place in a wholly different environment.

from his glass of ice

ful!" Clarice said half to herself.

Twe just written him-where has

"No," was the answer. "Nobody knows-nobody supposed to know

see?" she was irritated at her own

negligence in not having communi-

cated with Anthony sooner. "Where

do officers go when they first en

do they go? Some camp, I suppose

or Washington-or somewhere."
"How definite of you!" ruefully

laughed Clarice, and for a few mo

ments she forgot Douglas and the

She was lost in a deep study. But

she falled to evolve any practical

plan of holping her friend in her

anidenty with a despairing smile. "What can we do for those two-isn't there something we can do to

straighten things out between

las taken aback. "What could I

think of that you, with your brain,

couldn't think circles around?" Clarice threw him an affectionate

"I-I-think!" stammered Doug-

"Think, Douglas!" she broke out

"I wish I knew, Clarice, Where

se things-where did you write

I baven't sent it yet-don't you

he gone to, do you know?"

"Something dread-

"Do you know, Clarice," he said one brilliant June afternoon. when they were sitting together in the studio, "I am going to marry

What makes you think so, Dougsie?" lightly answered Clarice, ris-ing and moving about the room as though he had announced that would rain by nightfall. But her hands, as she moved a flower vase on the piano, were tremulous

"I don't think at all," persisted Douglas, also rising. "I know it as well as I know my name." "Du tell," said Clarice, mimick-

ing a New England twang and facing him with a smile. "I want to "Yes, Clarice," maintained Doug-las, taking hold of both her arms.

You'll think me a fool or a liar it I tell you I've never loved a girl but you. But it's the truth." And in his eyes Clarice anw that it was the truth. "I have met dozens of 'em," went

on Douglas, gathering warmth, "and I've flirted with some." "Naughty Douglas," parenthetieally put in Clarice. But Douglas

ignored her. But from the minute I saw you. darling, and your eyes and your smile and your heart, I knew that my search was over. You're meant for me. You're a new world and all the world for me-all the world I want. Say that you can like me a little, Clarice-do you think you could?, Ob, God, I wish you could!" And he gripped her arms more

tightly. Her heart was full of tumult and her eyes were brimming, but still she smiled.

"Couldn't you possibly, Clarice?"

he demanded piteously. Slowly Clarice shook her head from left to right, then, after a

pause, emphatically up and down. The strong young arms of Donglas closed about her in a bear's hug and he covered her face, her eyes, her hair with kisses.

"Aren't you going to may something?" he finally blurted out.

"Not if you hold me like this." she gasped out. "I can't breathe " "Better learn, darling," muttered Douglas with his lips to hers. "I mean to hold you like this most of the time."

A peal of laughter rewarded him and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Where on earth, Douglas," she cried in her happiness, "did you learn to say exactly the right thing for a boy who's never loved?"

"I never learned," chuckled Doughas. "It's all in there," he thumped his chest. "Do you know, dear," he said with the air of a great discoverer, "I don't think a fellow has to learn when the right girl comes. along. That's the beauty of it. It's all ready in there-when she

presses the spring."

His simplicity touched her like the confidence of a child. She went toward him and brushed his lins with her own. Then she flew away from him, wiping her tears. She was supremely happy—and she suddenly felt a pagenant achieve for the

denly felt a poignant aching for the misery of her friend. Adela.

"Poor Adela:" she said, turning to Douglas. "We shan't be able to tell even her—she's so wretchedly unhappy." "Tough luck," murmured Douglas sadly, "dara tough luck." Then his face brightened. "But you are happy, dear?"

"Am I happy? You boy! look at

"Look at you! I can't look at anything else," responded Douglas, "Dear! I hope I'm worth it," Clarice endeavored to prove to him that he was, and their discussion became personal again.

The burning pain in Adela's heart that at first had benumbed all her faculties finally gave way to a mental restlessness, a darting mental restlessness, a darting hither and thither to wild fancies and ideas, like a thing with injured wings and a mad, instinctive pas-

who and what was this other woman? Precisely what had hap-pened-what had Anthony done? How had he come to grief? In her mind Anthony was at once the male her and himself, and yet under the maternal aspect of eternity which every good woman's portion, he was still in a measure her boy, almost her little boy, who had fared forth alone into a world full of chicane and dangers and lurking temptations. She felt years older and wiser than he, and with anguish she was obliged to admit to herself that he did love her-that no one could simulate love to that extent, Even in the bitterness of her heart she could not pretend otherwise.

One day a clear, deliberate, luminous idea fell athwart her brain like a beam of light across a shaded room.

Why could she not find and see this woman-if only at a distance? Better still-could she not find her and talk to her?

Need that woman know who she, It would be a torture-but, oh, it

would be worth doing! Her mind needed to dwell on this but for very little to make it the only thing worth doing in an arid desert of parched emptiness. Armed with her sketchbook Adela

again and again sought the park. A fierce, hot eagerness burned in her eyes and in her heart. She searched the park; she scanned every woman with a baby and a perambulator; but chiefly she ranged to and fro in the region of the pathway where she had seen Anthony on that fateful day. That had become her idee fixe-her one and overwhelming object-to find that woman. The desultory sketches she sometimes began, to cover her peregrinations, were not masterpieces of art or draughtsmanship.

One afternoon her efforts were crowned with success. To the very bench near which she had seen Anthony standing came a young woman, without any perambulator, however, leading a slowly navigating baby by the hand. Her hather face-yes, it was the same

young woman. She was quite pretty-that was the first reflection that stabbed Adela's heart.

They were facing each other, Adela and Grace Thomas, with the grave half smile that strange women look at one another when there's a baby between them. The rearing of a child, happily, mains a semi-sacramental enterprise in the eyes of women.

(Continued on Next Page)



a message for "any call-ers"; Miss Gray was out and would not be back that evening. pointed Anthony returned to his room. There his mystification

When Anthony en-

tered the door of the "Rubens" that after-

noon Selkirk, the Ja-

maica negro doorman, elevator and telephone

man rolled into one, in

formed him that he had

"My dear,"

Adela

murmured

brokenly.

"I'm so glad-

I'm so sorry-

oh, what a

hard time

you've had!-

you must

let me

help you."

to a considerable degree dissolved. A note from Adela delivered by a messen-

ger awaited him, It read: "I know everything now-about the other woman. It was cruel and cowardly not to tell me and to have let me"-(but the last five words were crossed out). "Please never speak to me again or try to communicate with me. I never want to see you or hear from you again I have had my lesson. A. G."

A sudden crushing sense like a blow on the chest seemed to strike all his body at once. A struggling, rushing sensation of numbness rose

from his heart to his brain. "All over!" he murmured to himself as with leaden feet he climbed

"She has found out about Vilma That's the end. Lord, Lord-why didn't I tell her first? But how could I tell-how could I? Wonder

how she found out?"
The thought of Grace Thomas, of meeting with her in the park that day by her own request, instead of at her flat, in order to deliver to her Joe Shelburn's quarterly remittance, did not even for one instant enter his head. It had happened too often. It was a metter of routine. She had foolishly

Crushed and broken he sat in his chair for he knew not how long breathing heavily, his head sunk on his chest, a blackness as of night enveloping him. No more exquisite suffering could have been devised any one desiring to punish him for a whole life of past misdeeds The droning hum of the city was

ing over his head. "Finished-done-finished"- ba

"Thank God there's the war." he added without voice in his words, only his lips moving, "Finished" He threw himself on his couch and

lay still. following words to Adela: "Dear Adela: fore despatching that note by mes-senger. The felicity he had been seeking was not for him. His destiny was not happiness "She'll never answer it," he told

himself, "she'll never even look at He was both right and wrong She did look at it, but she did not answer.

She morely tore the paper into a hundred infinitesimal fragments.

CHAPTER XIX. Pride and Love.

N spite of the lists of the Seven Deadly Sins, notwithstanding Dante's description of the First Circle of Purgatory, pride is still regarded by many of us as a virtue. If virtue it be, however, it is more costly than many a lusty sin.

The young, who revel in it, pay for it dearly-as Adela paid that Summer-in cruel and exquisite Lorinre.

A thousand times she asked hersulf: Perhaps—perhaps there is an explanation? And a thousand times the scene in the park flamed be-fore her with lurid fire and scorched her soul and mortified her flesh in a way that only Dante could have described. "If only he had ex-plained it!" Her brain kept pounding on that single thought. only he had-but how could he!" And she willed her nerves to suslarge-eyed and pale. la!med. But Adela's mich for any further discussion of the startling re-

"A lovers' quarrel," Clarice philo sophically told herself. But this was a case where that sage young woman's philosophy went awry. the days went on lengthening into weeks, her heart was more and more moved to compassion for the ruffering that Adela labored so steadfastly to conceal. And though she kept her own counsel, as well as Adela's, she finally determined to see Anthony without Adela's knowledge, and talk to that young man as in her opinion he deserved to be talked to. She had written him a note, which was still in her hand-bag unposted, when she met Douglas Nash by appointment at Henri's,

in Forty-fourth street, for luncheon. Well, old Anthony has done it hasn't he?" were the first words of "And gosh, how I envy You choose the eats, Claric -you know more about it than I

"What has he been doing now?" calmly interposed Clarice "Didn't you know-don't mean you and Adela don't know?" Douglas gobbled his words in surprise "Got a commission, of course-Mister Lieutenant West. He's off-Lord!" he suddenly paused,

look and made a little grimace at "He him.

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